## THE EARTHQUAKE.

ONE WAY OF ESCAPE IS OPEN.

A Midnight Scene in a Prison and the Lesson it Teaches.

TEXT: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved."—Acts xvi., 31.

Text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi., 31.

Jails are dark dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groun of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you says: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that! What's that!"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can steg. Jailer, what are you doing with these paople? Why liave they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A llon's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Weeley. An anathems for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cassius killed himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and beavon, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Well, we have all heard of the earthquake in Lisbou, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caraccas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the citics. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivairies in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph huried the terror up to tits city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the

The plano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter husbed. Crash! go all those domes-tic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved." st and thou shalt be saved.

Christ and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vossel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago

it was built, and who built it, and all about it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He was a very attractive argreen. Contemp. this is you want me to trust in, you tell he He was a very attractive person. Contem-porary writers describe His whole appear-ance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children; came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little

No sooner did Jesus appear than the little enes jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalds as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out did He say: "Do not bring Me these sores; do not trouble Me with these leproses?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of

the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, He was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insinidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

should not realise His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks

up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted and a hole dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through neare and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake His gight hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the

of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross purght, to there throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to hear fruit such as no other tree ever hore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed His cracifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the completent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; He was to dia. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying and the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slow him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wednes and trying to resuscite his father when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he mever exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, nor for His Father, but for His sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how," and the great question asked by thousands is: "How? How?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help?" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust any one Kya trust you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe that hence, you spect the payment of that note at the end of three montia. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the sam

sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built that bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And hero is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Age." And built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold ma!" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh was there ever a prize proffered. you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered to cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars?

you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angol can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text bring me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and it. For my text bring me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God and He is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and thay give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do no want anybody poetizing around about the Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put sway in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first couring of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of

about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Marry Christmas," or the "Happy New about me.

Tear? An, do not point down to the hote in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature reveits at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands, with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day, are folded over the still beart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in snything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee them. Back to thy eavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! then despoiler of families. With this battle ax I how thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death. I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruetion."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence

the twain from heimet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death. I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destrustion."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Josus was upon earth how happy He made overy house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house in Heaven, how great shall be our giee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity.

Talk not about banks dashed with efforescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I stoer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I swake in His likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be be sick, and why it was best for you to be be rised, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the lonellness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow pure and warmed by His grace for three-seore years and ten! will not your decrepitu

troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the br.de leaning upon His arm, while He looks down into her face, and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my leve! Behold, thou art fair,"



Der doctor says I dassent smoke Anudder cigarette,
R else my name is Mud. Der bloke! I'll give 'm soup, you bet!

Der dry ol' fossie! Wot's he know About der juice o' life! He's nut'n but a holy show, 'N' t'inner den a knife!

I wouldn't be dat dry ol' cuss Fur all der world cud give! Der ain't nobody knows, but us Young fellows, how to live! —New York State Camp Journal,

Only a Newspaper Phrase.

Husband-What does the paper say bout the big fire of last night? Wife (reading the morning paper)It says the boiler burst, and then the scene that followed baffled description. Husband-Is that all?

Wife-No: two columns of description follow that.

WORKING THE DUDE. PNOTOGRA 1/1 1/1. ATSEE ON BROWN ABOX OF CIGARETTES ELITE GIVEN AWAY WITH REVERY DOZEN PHOTOGRAPHS

As the eigarette-makers are giving tway photographs as a bait for dudes, it wouldn't be a bad idea for the pho ographers to adopt something like the above, and work the dude for all he is worth .- Chicago Ledger.

## SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR AUGUST 11.

Lesson' Text: "Samuel's Farewell Address," I Sam. sti., 1-15-Golden Text: I Sam. xii., 24 - Commentary.

After the servant passed on leaving Saul and Samuel alone, Samuel took a vial of oil and announted Saul captain over the Lord's inheritance, at the same time telling him of several events which would happen to him as he returned home; all of which signs came to him that day. Soon after that Saul was publicly elected and ordained as king, the Lord ordering the lot. In the instruction of Samuel to Saul that memorable day there is one sentence which I believe it is the privilege of every true follower of Jesus to appropriate and enjoy, and yet I find but few have noticed it; it is in chapter x., 7: "Do as occasion serve thee, for God is with thee." It is a helpful precept, and I find great comfort in it. May every reader appropriate it.

1. "And Samuel said unto all Israel." The place of to-day's lesson is Gilgal, the first camping ground of Israel in the promised land, after they crossed the Jordan, where the twelve stones from Jordan were set up, the people circumeised and the reproach of Egypt rolled away, the passover kept, and Johna's headquarters from which he set out and to which he returned as he subdued the land; where, also, they had just now been offering sacrifice and renewing the kingdoun. (Chap, xi., 14, 18.)

2. "And now, behold, the king walketh before you." When Samuel says in the first verse that he had hearkened unto their voice and made them a king he was speaking as God's representative, for in verse 13 he says: "The Lord hath set a king over you;" and whatever Samuel did he did as God's servant and as in His sight; if the new king would do likewise all might yet be well.

"I have walked before you from my child-hood until this day." There are two sides to your life and mine as well as to that of Samuel, that which is seen of men and that which is seen of men and that which is seen of sod think of this?" and governs himself accordingly.

3. "Witness against me before the Lord." With all his life from his youth un lived be-

does God think of this?" and governs himself accordingly.

3. "Witness against me before the Lord." With all his life from his youth up lived before the people, he now asks them to testify if they have ever known him to defraud, or oppress or take a bribe; he places himself before the Lord and asks their closest strutiny, ready to make anything right which they may say has been wrong.

4. "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." Surely here is a righteous man, one against whom, like Daniel, they could find none occasion nor fault; for as much as he was faithful, neither was there any error of fault found in him (Dan. vi., 4); and this life he began to live as a child, and "any boy or girl may begin to-day to live the same righteous life and live it all their days on the earth, for the same Holy Spirit who lived this life in Samuel and Daniel, and in many others, is ready to live it again in any over the same is sellered.

lived this life in Samuel and Daniel, and in many others, is ready to live it again in any one who is willing to let Him.

5. "The Lord is witness against you." Their testimony to Samuel's faithfulness was their own condemnation, his faithfulness testified against their unfaithfulness; their acknowledgment of his righteousness was their own evidence against their unrighteousness; to believe God is to condemn self, and to reject the counsel of God against self, as did the lawyers in the time of Christ (Luke vii., 30, is to condemn God and confess ourselves His enemies,

6. "It is the Lord that advanced (ap-

His enemies.

6. "It is the Lord that advanced (appointed, R. V.) Moses and Aaron, and that brought your fathers out of the land of Egypt." Samuel would not keep them face to face with God and remind them of His love to them and His gracious dealings with them, as when Paul tells us in Acts xvii., 24-28, that it is God who giveth to all life and breath, and all things, and that in Him we live and move and have our being; or as when Daniel said to Delsharzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." (Dan. v., 23.)

7. "Now, therefore, stand still, that I may

v., 23.)
7. "Now, therefore, stand still, that I may reason with you before the Lord of all the righteous acts of the Lord." Or as in verse 24, consider how great things He hath done for you, and therefore fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart.
8. "Your fathers cried unto the Lord then the Lord sent Moses and Aaron." Samuel reminds them first how God heard the cry from the iron furnace of Egypt and delivered them and brought them into the land of Canaan. This great deliverance from cruel bondage and gift of a land flowing with milk and honey ought to have been enough to bind them forever to such a deliverer in the most loving and grateful service, but alas for human ingratitude; and are not Christians today just as bad, when so many who profess to have received the forgiveness of sins and deliverance from the bondage of Satan seem so ungrateful that, instead of serving the Lord constantly and wholly, they do not even seem to acknowledge Him as their Lord, or think their deliverance worth mentioning.

9-11. "They forgat the Lord their God; \* \* they cried unto the Lord: \* \* they cried unto the Lord: \* \* they cried unto the Lord: Samuel (Acts xiii., 20), when, notwithstanding their oft repeated transgressions, forsakings and idolatry, as soon as they truly repented and cried unto the Lord, He sent them judges who delivered them and caused them to dwell in safety. How sed that they should forsake, forget and grieve such a gracious God, but how wonderful that He should again and

forget and grieve such a gracious God, but how wonderful that He should again and again forgive them and shower His mercies

how wonderful that He should again and again forgive them and shower His mercies upon them.

12, 13. "Now, therefore, behold the king whom ye have chosen, whom ye have desired." God had given them the desire of their hearts and they now had a king like other nations, but it was on their part a departure from a sole reliance upon God, and a putting of a man in His place. The same sin is manifest now when the people of God in any way lean on an arm of flesh ruther than on the almighty arm of the unseen but ever present Lord Jesus Christ.

14, 15. "Continue following the Lord your God." Although they have sinned, and God has given them their desire, yet here is a way of blessing still left to them. If they and their king will fear the Lord as Samuel did, and serve Him and obey His voice, and not rebel against Him, then the hand of the Lord will still be upon them for good; but if not, His hand will be against them as in the days of the judges.—Lesson Helper.



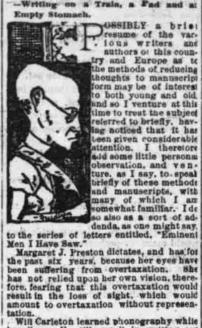
Master-Certainly you can have the ewspaper; but why are you so anxious to read it every day?

Dinah—To see which ob my frien's it done been sent to jail de day befo', ot

## NYE'S LITERARY PALS

AND HOW THEY REDUCE THEIR THOUGHTS TO WRITING.

Growing Popularity of the Stenographs and Typewriter-Those Who Use the Per -Writing on a Train, a Pad and a



Will Carleton learned phonography white will carleton learned phonography waits in college. He still uses it in writing out aome of his poems, but in making out the bill for same is generally more deliberate and careful, doing this in longhand only, John G. Whittier writes out his matter with a Joseph Gillott steel pen dipped in bluing. He says he does little now aside from answering short latter.

with a Joseph Gillott steel pen dipped is bluing. He says he does little now aside from answering short letters.

James Whitcomb Riley uses a steel pen, though in the original draft he writes with a lead pencil on a pad. He gets up and rides on the pencil so earnestly, learing that the printer will not get the run of his remarks, that he easily makes fifteen or twenty copies of the same manuscript. He also holds the pad on his lap whilst writing, and so one may read his thoughts on the poet's knee for days afterward. Mr. Riley writes very easily indeed, and a few week at the hospital after he has written a poem easily coax back the simile to his elean cut features. He starts in with a brain wave and keeps on at it, never stopping for feed or water until the completed poem is malled to the publisher, together with a prepaid and addressed envelope for the return of check. It is but the work of a moment for him to think of a thought.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the authoress of the "Romance of Dollard," uses a pen and



NYE'S FAVORITE PASTIME.

s very painstaking indeed. She is a quiet modest little woman whose manners oughly to shame the disagreeable literary person who goes through life filled with a nameless joy because he has succeeded alone in winning his own approval.

Julian Raiph is a self-made stenographer.

That is, he has worked Raiph's great meth-od of shutting up his notes like a concerting while doing rapid work, and then he pulls out several joints of this even, if nocessary, but he dictates to a stenographer when he writes up a great job like a page or two of a New York paper, which he frequently does

New York paper, which he frequently does when feeling well. Mr. Ralph does not make memoranda on his euff. Young reporters and detectives who desire to attract attention do this.

F. E. Spinner, during his early literary career, while doing paragraph work for the United States. Tressury, at Washington, used a three-lerged quill pen and a teacup tull of Potomac mud. He made appropriate restures by rently waying a bright red gestures by gently waving a bright red tongue through the astonished atmosphere. John C. New, while Treasurer under Gen-sral Grant, wrote a good many things, and his autographs, written at that period in his literary areer, command a high price, He did not use the type-writer, but is a very symmetrical and handsome penman. His whiskers, his penmansuip, his beautiful family and his unerring judgment as to the proper time when a man should be firm and stand pat, are strong characteristics of his.

charles Dudley Warner never dictated nor used a type-writer. He does his own writing and thinks his own thoughts as they occur from time to time. He does not bject, however, to the use of a type-writer



R. W. GILDER BEJECTING MANUSCRIPTS.

or stenographer, if net taken in inordinate quantities. He believes that in a literary work inspiration passes through the two ingers and thumb. He is glad to notice also that the antique finger-uail, trimmed with edging of moss agate, is no longer a proof of great literary excellence.

Richard Watson Gilder feels very much the same way. He resents the "put up job" appearance of typewritten manuscripts, and yet he likes it because of its clearness. Mr. Gilder is the editor of the Uertary magazine. Mr. Gilder does his own literary work by means of a pen and writes a strong running hand. He can return rejected manuscript in such a gentle careasing way

manuscript in such a gentile caressing way that disappointed scribblers come to him from hundreds of miles to thank him for nis kindness and stay to dinner with him.

Amelie Rives writes with a trenchant pen, and never dictates except to Mr. Chanler, her husband. The uses a Sponcerian pen and writes a beautiful copy, as symmetrical as Edgar A. Poe's, and as fust as the pen gets so hot that it burns holes in the paper and hisses when she sticks it into the ink bottle she pulls it out by means of a pair of tougs and puts in a new one.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes with a pen, and her MS, is quite plain in one way. That is, it is not pretty. She is quite pleasant and genial tuless one treads on the tail of her coat. The then writes or speaks with flashing eye and distended nostrilin clarged lones. At such times, if she were to use

sones. At such times, if she were to use the typewrith, it would sound more like a

ryioghous tring to convince a lawn-mower of the error of its way.

Lose Terry Cooke says she has written with a gold pen on lined paper, holding the culp on her kness all through her literary care r. and she has been writing for forty years. She says so herself. How few of us authors for willing to come out and state over our own signature that we have been on the road so long.

Adirondack Murray dictates to a type-writer, and has for fifteen years. He dictates from twenty to thirty words per minute when he is feeling well and his thinker is froliceome. He does not require a stenographer, but pours his soul into the front teeth of a type-writer and receives his

front teeth of a typewriter and receives his copy ripe for the printer.

Edgar Salus says that the critics accuse him of writing by means of a lexicon, but be claims that such is not the case. He

writes with his ne ves on plain paper.

M. Zola writes: I shall embezzle one small moment from my diminutive leisure



co say that I write my, what you shall call opaque literary works, with my own hand with the co-operation of the pen. The thoughts also are my own thoughts. They pay me first rate. They are not used yet so much as text books in the schools as I might wish, but they remunerate me first rate. I write my manuscript in French first. It is pure french; that is, it is pure for French. I keep my vocabelary in the basement with chloride of lime on It when I shall not want to be using it. I agree with M. Anthony Comstock that the pen is smuttier than the sword,"

Mrs. Partington writes that she has never seen a typewriter in her life. She has been able to make errors enough with her pen

seen a typewriter in her life. She has been able to make errors enough with her pen without socking her sentences full of \$\frac{3}{8}\$ and other typographical brick-or-brack. After the breakfast dishes are washed she saits the cow, sets the bread, so that at evening it may come off the nest with a group of little rolls, and then gives a few minutes to silent thought. Then, boiling down a handful of maple bark and inserting a little vinegar into it, she prepares a fresh supply of ink. She now brings down a pen from behind the clock, and wiping the perspiration from her mastiff brow, by means of her apron, she sails in.

Mark Twain is not above using the pen. He smokes a pipe while working. It is not a strong pipe, but yet there is something about it which encourages people to let him alone while he is smoking, doing what little business they have on hand by means of the telephone. When he does not feel well he fasts. Many other authors do that way also, but they go without, generally, in order that their publishers may have ple six times a day and sweet cakes for breakfast. Mr. Clemens, however, being himself a publisher, is enabled to eat oftener than an author who is dependent. Another advantage of this system is that it enables Mr. Clemens the publisher, to reject the manuscript of Mark Twain, the author's feelings. Mr. Clemens is the Vandorbiit of literature and does much good by means of his wealth. He looks cross, but behind a frowning countenance he hides a, smiling face. Possibly I am a little mixed in the above quotation, as I am writing this on board the train and some overrzeulous passenger has taken away the "Road and Return" copy of the Bible, forgetting to bring it back. This leaves me practically helpless when I desire to quote from the Scriptures.

## Fighting Women.

In warlike times, when battle was the business of life, and victory over a foe the highest honor that could be had, when home in the true sense there was none, and when castles were less ouses for pleasant living than strongholds to shelter raiders and resist assault, women were as heroic as their age. If they were not as accurate in their aim as the archers, of whom it was said every English bowman "bore under his girdle twenty-four Scots,' they knew how to man the ramparts and defend the bridges as well as their lords themselves. Womanliness in the bower, dignity in the hall, courage in the castle-that was the whole duty of those noble women of a rude but manly age, and to their example, their influence, and their shaping power as mothers England owes much of her greatness and half of her strength. Letting Boadicea pass as an example of the feminine fighting blood, we find in Dame Nichola de Camville an early specimen of the warlike political woman. She took the royal side in the famous war with the barons, and held Lincoln Castle against Gilbert de Gaunt, first for King John and afterward for Henry III., till the battle called Lincoln Fair broke her power. The beautiful Countess of Salisbury, she who was so ardently beloved by the third Edward, was another instance of feminine daring, in her case coupled with the loveliest and most gracious sweetness. Black Agnes was again a peroine, of the virago type, and Queen Philippa, Queen Margaret and others of the same kind honored their adopted nationality by their courage and devo-

tion. Meaner women were as brave. In a skirmish at Naworth (1570) Leonard Dacres had in his army "many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives and fought right stoutly. And at the end of the last century and the beginning of this about half a dozen women on the whole enlisted as privates in the army and "pulled' their pound" as gallantly as the men. Miss Jennie Cameron, Scotch and Jacobite, was another example of the fighting women with whom nature had stumbled and spoiled the original design.

Miss Jennie Cameron, She put her belt and hanger on And away to the young Pretender

When she rode into the camp Bonnie Prince Charlie at the head of her 250 claymores she was "on a bay gelding decked out in green trappings trimmed with gold. Her hair was tied behind in loose buckles and covered by a velvet cap with scarlet feathers. In her hand, in lieu of a whip, she carried a drawn sword," and for her help she was dubbed "Colonel Cameron" by the Prince .- Fortnightly Review.